☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the payment.

The courts have decided that persisting to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE BABY ANARCHIST.

Around the house all day he goes,
By baby fancies led;
He sometimes stands upon his toes,
And sometimes on his head.

He takes the flower, pot and all,
And puts it in his lap;
He spills the syrup in the hall—
This naughty little chap.

Your silk umbrella spick and span,
He sticks in deep rat-holes;
And with his mother's rarest fan
Hammers your frailest bowls.

He ties the pendulum with a string
While singing baby songs;
He's always sure to put one thing
Where something else belongs.

He'll take a match and light the cat,
He'll paint the poodle's head;
And pour frail crackers in your hat
And leave them in your bed.

Adown the register he'll throw
The spools with nimble wrist;
He's often wished in Jericho—
The Baby Anarchist.

But never war upon him wage,
Nor whip him till he roar—
Suspend him in a roomy cage,
Five feet above the floor.

—*Puck.*

'POTHECARY'S FOLLY.

The Clergyman's Satisfactory Solution of a Strange Case.

The country town of Twentyford was early in the century the scene of the spasmodic effort of local patriotism, which produced the "Folly," a building which, perhaps, only owes it survival to the need of a historic fact to mark that such patriotism ever existed.

A wealthy apothecary, being persuaded that a certain spring in the neighborhood contained all the principal ingredients of the pharmacopœia, built a bath-house on a scale that should have proclaimed to far and near the natural attractions of Twentyford. Having done so he slept with his fathers, and his heirs and assigns were left to discover that it takes other ingredients besides those of a chemical nature to assure the reputation of a spa.

The apothecary had traveled, and in so doing had acquired a taste for Moorish architecture. The bath-house profited by many a minaret. But he was also of a frugal mind, and having launched out in an unwonted indulgence of his favorite tastes in design, it became necessary to steer his course somewhat differently in the matter of the intended material, which he changed from stone to wood, painted a dull red for the sake of a "rich and quiet effect." The result did not appeal as it might have done to the minds of the inhabitants who ungratefully styled it "'Pothecary's Folly."

That solitary bath-house, however, was to become the scene of one strange event in the commonplace history of the town.

The cider apples were red on the trees, the hop gatherers singing in their loaded wagons, and a wholesome smell of brewing in the air lent an additional hospitable and comfortable feeling to our usually comfortable county on the morning in question, which rose, as like its fellows as nature could make it, when Twentyford awoke, hearing a rumor, pricked its ears, rubbed its eyes and listening again discovered that a shabby and unobtrusive Frenchwoman had been murdered in one of the bath-rooms of the "Folly."

She was a sort of amateur commercial traveler who sold French flowers to shops and had passed the previous night at a small inn in the town. She had been heard to complain of "le rheumatism," being, as the landlady said, "about the only Christian thing she had said."

But she had proceeded to cure her ailment by a bath in the saline spring, an act which the worthy landlady would by no means have approved. Perhaps it was the commercial failure and general neglect by the great world of the "Folly," which had brought the springs into such discredit that every inhabitant who respected himself would have endured the racking and twinging of every joint rather than have recourse to the baths. Perhaps so; greater minds are influenced by like considerations. "Anyhow, the woman died—what else could one expect!" My aunt and I, quiet folks as a rule, even for Twentyford, were mixed up in it, in so far as there was but the length of Pear street between us when the prisoner was apprehended. We saw but the backs of the only two policemen for miles round, and (how they came to be there at that moment no one knows!) with something or somebody between them, and were told that we should receive a subpœna as witnesses. To my aunt this information was full of terror. "My dear," she said, "I shall never forget how your poor uncle's nerves were upset by the unprincipled young counsel who examined him about that most disagreeable soap boiling business. He said—your poor uncle, I mean—that we were inundated by 'bluebottles' from the horrid-smelling works, and they asked him if he was quite sure it was not black bottles or brandy bottles he meant, and, if so, wherein they differed from a bluebottle! Disgraceful treatment it was, and what we had suffered from those insects no one knows! I think Ellice, we will just turn into Slatter's for that pink ribbon I wanted; we may perhaps hear what really has happened."

Mr. Slatter said "the prisoner was a young lady of 'prepossessing appearance;' it was thought, by one of his 'young ladies,' that perhaps the prisoner was a 'flower hartist,' too, and that perhaps professional jealousy afforded a motive 'for the crime,'" but the opinion did not find favor; the "young lady" ranked professional zeal at a romantically high figure.

We gathered at last that the police had taken her up because there was no one else they could take up—a very sufficient reason; that is to say, no one whom they had not "known from a baby," and were therefore able to vouch for any thing they might do or say in reason of course; "gettin' a bit lively Saturdy nights, burning ricks, breaking into shops," etc., "but this 'ere ain't reasonable." The police were probably right; they had not imagination enough for the kind of crime.

The police had been summoned, instantly too, it appeared, by the cries of the "attendant," who, unaccustomed to duty in that capacity, had returned—soon after admitting the murdered woman to the bath-room—from the washtub, which habitually claimed her attention in her own cottage.

Astonished at the silence which greeted the application of her ear to the key-hole, she opened the door, which was guiltless of lock or bolt, and found the unfortunate woman lying on the floor with her throat cut, and a "queer big kind of knife lying beside of her, and all her rattle traps and them big red and yellow flowers out of her pack all strewn about; lor! bless ye, they did flatter the natural flowers, they were that beautiful; thinks I to myself she've killed herself sure, but the perlice ought to see to it, so I 'ollers and screams with all my might, and ye knows the rest, Miss——"

"Aunt," I said, on my return from walking on the afternoon of that day, "how can we give witness against this unfortunate young creature? I would as soon suspect myself. I have seen her."

"You, how?"

"Only a passing glimpse in a close fly; they were taking her to W—— jail. But the face I saw was terribly sad, with a scared look in it, and no wonder; but no trace of violent passion or mean cruelty; it was a delicate, even beautiful young face, very pure in outline, and very pale."

"She was apprehended a little way from the garden door of the bath-house, you say!"

"Yes, looking 'dazed like,' the policeman said," I replied. "I can understand his using the expression now that I have seen her."

Nothing further occurred for about a week, when we received a visit from a stranger. My aunt could hardly be persuaded to see him, so certain did she feel that his visit must be connected with this disagreeable affair. For my own part I was anxious to hear any thing that would throw light upon it. "If he is," I said, "he may, perhaps, see the uselessness of mixing us up in it. We had better see him."

We found a clergyman, Mr. Edward Holdfast, chaplain of W—— jail, a tall, thin man with a worn but kindly face.

"You have come, I hope," said my aunt, "to set us free from the disagreeable and, I may say, absurd position in which we find ourselves. I will not answer for the consequence if I am taken to a stuffy court and made to say all sorts of things, when I know nothing. My poor, dear husband——"

"Quite so, my dear madame," said Mr. Holdfast; "the evidence is most unsatisfactory, and I propose taking some steps which may save—mind, I only say may save, in the event of my experiment proving successful—all necessity for a public trial. Could you make up your minds to being present at a private examination of the witnesses and the prisoner, conducted on the scene of the—the—at the bath-house!" Without waiting for the tremulous negative on my aunt's lips, he continued, "I can elicit nothing from the prisoner, but she steadily repeats when questioned, 'I know nothing of a Frenchwoman and nothing of a murder,' and once she said: 'Send for my father,' and then correcting herself hastily—'But no—it would kill him to find me here!' So she refuses her address. We have advertised, of course, though she does not seem to see the necessity of accounting for her presence in this neighborhood."

"Then," interrupted my aunt, "you think, as we do, that it is impossible this poor young lady can be really guilty."

But Rev. Edward Holdfast had not been chaplain of a jail without learning how to keep his own counsel.

"It is not for me to pronounce any opinion, but," he continued, "I am sure neither you nor your niece will refuse what assistance you can render to a lady of delicate nature like yourselves, who, if innocent, should be spared the horrors of a public trial of this kind."

We secretly questioned the legality of Mr. Holdfast's inquiry, still more so its efficacy. But not daring to entangle herself in arguments of a legal nature, my aunt wisely acquiesced, and promised to appear on the following day at the bath-house. This really was very brave of her, all things considered, but the appeal to her humanity had conquered, I thought. I could form no satisfactory conclusion as to Mr. Holdfast's intentions. The idea of a suicide had been flatly contradicted by medical evidence at the Coroner's inquest; it had been clearly proved impossible for such a gash to have been inflicted by the woman herself. Perhaps Mr. Holdfast doubted this, and wanted by examination of the place to prove the contrary; but this could certainly have been done without our assistance. Did he wish to watch the effect of the terror of the place on some other person he suspected! There was something very unpleasant in the thought of assisting at such a scene. Did he hope that the prisoner's unaccountable silence might be broken, and that, face to face with the scene, she would continue a denial that could not but carry conviction into the minds of those who would have to witness against her! But no, it was idle to surmise; the determined restraint and silence, beyond just what he had chosen to communicate, formed a complete barrier to his intentions.

"She must be bailed out," said my aunt, "otherwise no one would allow her to appear, and who can have bailed her except the chaplain himself?"

I timidly suggested it was hardly a bailing matter.

"He seemed fearfully anxious for her escape; did you see how his face worked and twitched? He was nearly flying out at me when he thought I wouldn't come. I was too frightened to say no, that was the fact; not frightened, of course, but it is awkward to have gentlemen getting into rages in one's own drawing room."

"Yes, aunt, the china!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Ellice. It's my impression, though you pretend he wasn't excited, that if he can't hit on a plan of clearing that young woman he'll elope with her! He has a pretty woman in tragic circumstances on his hands, and he means to save her somehow; what better method——"

"If he thinks her innocent," I reply, rather staggered at my aunt's extraordinary idea. It was certainly true that he had appeared terribly anxious, that he had suppressed his anxiety with conscious effort; he had the traces of sleepless nights and strong emotion on his face, but the fate of a human being was hanging in the balance, and natural humanity, quickened by the sacred nature of his office, was enough, I thought, to account for unusual feeling.

"Don't tell me," continued my aunt, "that if she were not a pretty girl there would be so much fuss in that man's mind; it isn't his business to say who's guilty and who's not, and to my mind he is very little fit to do either."

On the afternoon of the day appointed my aunt and I found ourselves at the "Folly." We crossed the large central room, originally designed for the pump room, now used as a young men's institute, and well supplied with illustrated papers of extreme antiquity. It opened on an unroofed turf inclosure, intended as an exercising ground for patients occupied in assimilating the mineral waters, but it usually served as drying ground for the "attendant's" linen. There was no linen there to-day, however. Instead were two benches accommodating the already assembled witnesses, and beyond was the fatal bath-room. I hardly dared look toward it, so near was still the horror of the place. We took our seats among a mixed assembly of gaping farm laborers, one or two tradesmen, and ladies. There was a conspicuous absence of any of the gentlemen of the neighborhood. Did Mr. Holdfast fear that his proceedings might be called in question? Hardly any one spoke beyond slight and almost inaudible greetings to their friends. The clergyman stood near the entrance of the inclosure, leaning against the palisade; he bowed his thanks for their attendance to those who came in. He looked more worn than ever in the glare of daylight.

There was a moment's pause after every one was seated; then across the green inclosure walked alone the tall figure of "the accused." Without looking either to the right or to the left she sat down at the further end, near the bath-house. There was no conscious shame visible on her still face; no anxious gaze upon the faces of those who could, perhaps, save or slay her. With her hands tightly clasped together, and her eyes fixed on the ground, she sat still as a statue. Mr. Holdfast left the door and came toward us. I then remarked another peculiarity of his. His eyes, which were very deep set, seemed to have the power of comprehending a whole scene and every individual in it at a glance. One felt certain that had he closed his eyes after an absolute momentary survey he could have distinctly described every person in it, even down to their minutest article of clothing. He repeated twice, only twice, in a low tone as he walked along the line: "When I go into the bath-house have the kindness to follow me," yet every individual understood distinctly whether the words had or had not been addressed, without his even having apparently looked directly at any one. I noticed afterward those thus chosen were those on whose self-control he could probably place the most reliance.

He began an address to us by reminding us of the solemnity of the occasion and of the difficulty of the duty before us in rather set fashion, as if he felt some hesitation over his unwonted task and took refuge in mannerisms. This, however, was soon shaken off; his words flowed freely and his voice rang clear, yet still nothing to the point of the matter on hand, no information in fact. I was sensible of a certain impatience. I had not come there to be harangued with platitudes.

"We might have known we should be let in for a sermon when we had a parson at the head of affairs," whispered a lively little lady at my elbow.

Hush! his voice had a different tone in it. He was describing the awfulness of sudden death; lower and more impassioned came his words. I would not spoil them by garbled extracts. It was impossible not to listen intently. Scorn and anger flashed out as he spoke of the dastardly cowardice that could strike a harmless victim. Then, with a pathos I had never heard equaled, he described the grief of the unknown sorrow-stricken ones, who might be left to mourn their loss. Suddenly he stopped, and the abruptness made me look up; his eyes were fixed on the prisoner's—then he said, hurriedly: "We are ignorant of much that surrounds the history of this awful crime; all that we have to connect us with the victim lie here." He threw open the large door and disclosed the bath-room, whose concrete floor sloped upward from the entrance on account of the occasional overflowing of the spring; on it lay a hat and cloak, belonging to the murdered woman, and the much-talked-of Paris flowers, scattered about just as they had been left.

Mr. Holdfast stooped and picked up a large pink flower. The fixed eyes of the prisoner followed his, then she rose and went slowly toward him—we followed according to his direction. Was she—were we going to examine minutely the dreary horrors of the place!—enhanced by the mockery of those tawdry flowers. The door had been closed upon us, and the room was almost dark; what light there was straggled in through the rough venetian shutters. We stood, huddled together, about the door, the accused woman standing alone in the middle of the room. A beam of light struck something glittering on the floor. I could hardly repress my inclination to call for the shutters to be opened—the twilight was almost painful—yet I felt that Mr. Holdfast would not have permitted any thing, unless he had some design in choosing it to be so.

The tall figure in the center bent down and picked up the shining something and and raised it high above her head; it was a long knife of peculiar construction. At last the silence was broken, and she was about to speak—but no! the sounds that came were more like moans than articulate words; the sounds grew louder, they rose and fell like an Indian chant, while she whirled the long knife slowly round and round her head. Two or three of those nearest her rushed to the door; the sudden light revealed Mr. Slatter, the draper, whose curiosity was as great as his cowardice, suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between earth and heaven, his body and legs safe outside, and his head still stuck in round the door.

I could not have moved if I had wished it; that whirling blade fascinated me, yet the sight of Mr. Slatter made me laugh.

But the voice was rising louder now. I could hear, or thought I heard, these words:

"The east wind blows, it brings a word;
Awake! my blood-bedabbled sword,
The word's a spark that lights a flame,
Was kindled at a noble name
Which coward Death, from Rumor heard,
Then, wake and rise, Avenging Sword!"

At the last line her voice rose to a wild scream, and she ran in a frenzy toward the bath. Just at this moment the door was opened from the outside and an old man with streaming gray hair rushed in. Mr. Holdfast went to meet him, and laid his hand on his arm. The old man shook him off.

"My daughter! where is she! Who dares accuse her of hideous crimes!"

"Herself," answered the clergyman, "and yet not herself."

He took the old man gently aside and endeavored to calm him and tell him what had passed.

The old man turned his head, and when the clergyman had ceased speaking he came forward to us, with a gesture full of dignity.

"My friends—this gentleman, to save my daughter from a shameful death, has proved her—mad. The frenzy could only be reproduced by restoring the outward circumstances of the last, the fatal one. I thank him for the attempt. I thank you for your presence here. Had there not been the semblance of a trial to set her suspicions at rest, it might have failed. Yet think of the awful fate reserved for one who during long intervals is as conscious of her condition as yourselves!"

He was hardly able to go on, but turned to Mr. Holdfast.

"You meant it for the best—the best no doubt, but was not any death better than—such a fate!"

"Nature is kinder than we, in our ignorance, can be," he replied; "she has finished the work she began—your daughter's death." * * *

We learned afterward that the poor girl had gone mad from the shock of hearing of the death of the man to whom she was shortly to have been married. He had been murdered by dacoits in Burmah, and his last letter to her, which she never could be induced to part with for a moment, had been much occupied in describing the luxuriant growth of tropical flowers which surrounded their future home out there. After the terrible news she remained for a week without noticing any one, scarcely tasting food; then they missed her.

Some strange connection must have haunted her at the sight of the gaudy flowers of the poor pack woman, whom it was afterward remembered she had been seen to have followed all the previous day.

Mr. Holdfast's interest had first been aroused by the lady's likeness to a relation of his own who had died insane. The idea occurred to him as a possible solution of a strange case, and he tried the experiment at the express wish of the prison authorities.

My aunt says: "It really is a comfort to know there were two policeman and a doctor in that hateful dark bath-room. I'm sure I wonder you didn't all die of fright." And she draws a little red worsted shawl round her and shivers in a way that reminds me strangely of a little bird.—*F. Somers Day in Belgravia.*

Oddly-Shaped Straw Bonnets.

A large number of the pretty straw bonnets for summer wear are shaped with the oddest peaks, curves, flares and gable-ends—styles which are only suited to a rosy girl, with a piquant face, a tip-tilted nose and an abundance of wavy hair. There are, however, some hundred different shapes, so that no one need this season to be forced to wear an unbecoming or inappropriate head-covering from lack of variety. The princesse and neat French cottage shapes find twenty purchasers to any six buying other styles. These continue popular from the fact that in brim and height of crown there is shown no eccentricity. Flowers are used in abundance, and among the novelties are sprays of watercress, dandelion blossoms as perfect as nature's own, tiny heads of lettuce beautifully shaded, white and tinted morning-glories in velvet, and silvery dusty-miller leaves made of gray-white velvet, and shaded to perfectly counterfeit that soft neutral foliage. The season's exhibit of ribbons is unparalleled for richness of fabric and brilliant combination.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Maiden (forty and romantic)—"I suppose it must appear very lonely to you when all the company leave the seashore?" Fisherman—"Dreadful, marm. But you see it gives us a chance to rest our minds, and be ready to answer questions next year."

INDIAN GHOST CHARMS.

Offerings Employed to Appease the Rancor of Mischievous Spirits.

The dread of ghosts is common to all the aboriginal races of India, from whom it has been very generally adopted by their Aryan conquerors, and even by the lower classes of Mohammedans. All ghosts are believed to be mischievous, and some of them bitterly malicious, and the only means employed to oppose their rancor is to build shrines for them, and to make them offerings of a fowl, a pig, or, on grand occasions, of a buffalo. Any severe illness, and more especially any epidemic disease, such as smallpox or cholera, is attributed to the malignancy of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly. The man-tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts; for when a tiger has killed a man, the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head, and guides him clear of danger. Accordingly, it is believed that "the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of his victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services." The ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident, including poison and disease. Even women who die in the child-bed pang, or wretches who are hanged for their crimes, are believed to have the same powers of causing evil to the living as those who have been killed by tigers, or by lightning, or by any other violent cause. All these deified spirits are often distinguished by some term denoting the manner of their death; thus, the "Toddy-Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by falling from a toddy (palm) tree; the "Tiger-Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by a tiger; the "Lightning-Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by lightning; the "Snake-Ghost," and so on. The ghosts of women who die during pregnancy or in child-birth are supposed to be specially powerful and vindictive. Most of the deceased persons whose spirits are now worshiped were the ancestors of some of the aborigines; and as General Cunningham, the head of the Archæological Survey of India, says, their worship is generally local, and confined to the limits occupied by the respective tribes to which they belonged. The ceremonies observed in propitiating the ghosts consist mainly of the offerings of goats, fowls, or pigs, as well as flowers and fruits, of the recitation of prayers, and of the singing of certain *mantras*, or charms; the last being the most important of all. These charms, which are always sung by men at the different shrines, are of two different kinds; the "Sabara charms" (Sabara being the name of one of the aboriginal tribes) and the "mystical incantations." The former are addressed to the deified ghosts of the dead, the performances being generally carried out in the country, or the place where the corpse was burned; and the latter are used for the purpose of compelling spirits to appear and receive the orders of the performer.—*London Graphic.*

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

How the Bird of Freedom Is Captured by the Indians of the Northwest.

The method of capturing the bird among the Absaraki and Blackfeet of the Northwest is exceedingly novel and most ingenious as well as curious. In fact there are two styles of hunting eagles. The first thing of all is, of course, to hold an eagle dance. An Indian can not do any thing without first dancing for it, and as an eagle is an exceedingly hard and difficult bird to capture, the dance in consequence must be all the harder and more protracted. As a rule the Nomads of the Northwest still cling to the antiquated, antedated bow and arrow, and as their quarry soars high among the mountain peaks, forever on the watch and keeping away from danger, it is a very difficult matter indeed, even with a fine sighted rifle and a quick trigger, to bring down one of these high flying birds. Yet the Crows capture them almost easily with their simple arrows, where a white man, armed with the best of modern breech loaders, would fail to score nine times out of ten. Crawling carefully like a snake among the rocks, an Indian will work his way high above the eyries, when it is a very easy matter to send an arrow flying downward, and usually with skillful results.

The second method practiced by the Absaraki tribe to secure the much-coveted birds is to build an eagle trap. The brave who is after plunder goes off alone by himself to the Big Horn mountains, proceeds upward until he arrives in the perpetual snow district, and selecting a favorable spot digs a pit large enough to snugly conceal his person within. After a vast deal of careful preparation (one item of which is to carry the loose earth away in the blanket and cast it to the winds), the still hunter arranges a covering for his trap, consisting of light reeds and grasses, and then proceeds to ensconce himself in the pit. The bait is a slice of tough meat, bear or mountain goat, firmly attached with sinews to a piece of rawhide, and this is laid on the trap outside to await a customer. Just at dawn of day, as the sun is coming up over the eastern peaks, the eagles, who all night long have smelt the savory morsel, swoop viciously down upon the rawhide and bear meat, which they proceed vigorously to tear with their talons and beaks. Meanwhile, the buck inside, watching his opportunity, reaches up through an interstice in the trap, and, seizing the big fellow firmly by one of his legs, quick as a wink drags the surprised bird of liberty down into the prison below.

The fun would not now be all on one side either had the eagle even a flash of a second to recover himself in; but the Indian, the moment his victim's neck is within reach, with one sharp, quick, wicked swipe of his long, keen hunting knife, severs that member from the body, and so the matter ends. The warrior then returns to his lodge, and proceeds to relate to his friends and relations the wonderful exploits of his trip, of which he is the sole hero and big high-muck-a-muck.—*Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.*

HOW ANTS LIVE.

Their Love of Cleanliness and Their Modes of Burial.

In spite of the multifarious duties and tasks that are imposed on these tiny burghers, they still find time to clean and adorn their worthy little persons. No spot, no atom of dust or any thing else uncleanly will they tolerate on their bodies. They get rid of the dirt with the brushy tuft on their feet or with their tongues. They act for all the world like domestic cats when they clean and lick themselves, and they assist one another at the toilet precisely like monkeys. Their sense of cleanliness goes so for that the naturalist often finds, to his unpleasant surprise, the colored marks that he had applied with so much care on his "trial ants" removed by their dirt-hating friends. They keep their dwellings just as cleanly.

But the conveying away of their deceased brethren, whose bodies they appear to regard with the greatest antipathy, gives them more trouble than any thing else. When some members of an ant community which Mr. Cook kept imprisoned died and could not be removed, those remaining seemed affected with the greatest horror. For days the insects ran about seeking a way out, and ceased only when completely exhausted. The ants belonging to the camponorous species seized the dead and threw them into the water pail, which they converted into a sepulcher. Ordinarily, though, the ants are said to treat their dead with more reverence. They even possess their own graveyards, which lie in the vicinity of their nests. They convey their deceased companions thither, where they lay them down in orderly little heaps or rows.

It is only the corpses of their fellows, however, that they treat in this manner. Dead strangers they throw out like something unclean, or tear the body in pieces. Even between the master and slaves of the same community Miss Trent says she has observed a dissimilar mode of burial. While the masters find their last repose in a special graveyard, side by side, the slaves lie like heaped up refuse near the nest, despised equally in death as in life.

The ant cemeteries are often thickly populated, for their life is short. The male lives only through one summer; the female lives somewhat longer, and the workers die of old age in the eighth or tenth year.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

ATHLETIC TRAINING.

Advice to Readers Anxious to Attain Health and Strength.

The means to be adopted for the attainment of robust health are cleanliness, regularity of habits, moderation in diet, exercise, preferably in the open air, in accordance with the capacity of the individual and nature of the contest, and abstinence from strong drinks and tobacco.

If a man trains simply to improve his health he does so more or less moderately; if for contest, more or less strictly in accordance with the importance of the event. A man can do either without a trainer if he has an ordinary amount of common sense and will power. The man who simply desires to live in a sound, healthy condition should follow these rules, modifying them slightly, according to age or physique.

Get up not later than seven a. m., sponge and rub yourself with a coarse towel until the skin is red. Do not stop if perspiring, but keep on until tired. It is good exercise. Then dress and take a fairly long walk before and after breakfast. Walk to your place of business. Attend to work in the usual way, resisting every inclination you may have to give way to indolence. Walk home. Never mind the weather; a little rain will not hurt you and summer heat will not affect you when you have done it long enough to do you good. Then have dinner, avoiding, as at your lunch and breakfast, greasy, sweet, highly flavored or seasoned food. Water is the best thing to drink, and that is better drank after finishing your meal. Take your time over dinner in particular and other meals in general. If you have not time to get a meal leisurely go without it, as it will not injure you a quarter as much as it will to eat it in a hurry. Amuse yourself in the evening according to your own taste, which as you get healthier will incline to active rather than effeminate amusements. Repeat the sponging and rubbing, and go to bed before eleven p. m.—*A. Austin, in Cleveland Leader.*

HISTORY OF A WORD.

An Albany Paper Claims to Have Been the First to Use Telegram.

It seems incredible that it was only a little over forty years ago that the telegraph was invented and put in practical use. It may not be generally known that the Albany *Evening Journal* gave the word "telegram" to the world. In its files of April 6, 1852, the following was printed, and from this paragraph was derived the word "telegram," now found in every dictionary:

A New Word.—A friend desires us to give notice that he will ask leave, at some convenient time, to introduce a new word into the vocabulary. The object of this proposed innovation is to avoid the necessity, now existing, of using two words, for which there is very frequent occasion, where one will answer. It is telegram, instead of telegraphic dispatch or telegraphic communication. This word is formed according to the strictest laws of the language from which its root comes. Telegraph means to write from a distance. Telegram, the writing itself, executed from a distance. Monogram, logogram, etc., are words formed upon the same analogy and in good acceptation. Our friend, moreover, says that the House line, if disposed to be precise, should call their communications teletypes, as they are printed, not written. In a generous spirit of toleration, he proposes no action upon the last suggestion; but as to everybody else, except the employers and customers of the House line, he would have them "held and firmly bound" to speak, write, print and telegraph telegram, instead of any two words signifying the same thing, under penalty of being considered verbose and tedious.—*Albany Journal.*

CURIOUS OLD WILLS.

How the Oddities of Men Creep Out in Their Last Testaments.

Idiotic and eccentric legacies are, next to the method of making a will, curious and interesting studies. It has only been a few years since two dozen words written in a crabbed uncertain hand on the back of yellow envelope by a soldier while dying on a Southern battle-field were admitted to probate as his will in the courts of Pittsburgh.

One of the most remarkable wills ever written was that of Joseph Cappur, a man worth a quarter of a million. He was a wholesale grocer in London, and had amassed a fortune by speculating in securities. His eccentric habits of life first called attention to his subsequent career. He lived at one hotel for over twenty-five years, and in that time engaged his room and board for only one day in advance. He insisted on sitting in one certain seat at the table, drinking out of the same cup and using the same knife and fork. He was the prototype of Julius Verne's Phineas Fogg, in that he ate, slept and walked by an unvarying rule. His sole amusement was that of killing flies in the summer time. He died suddenly when seventy-seven years of age. His will was found at the bottom of a box of clothes, curiously worded and written on the back of a lot of old bank checks. He had detested his poor relations during his life, but by this strange instrument of his devising, every cent was distributed among them, save £8,000 which he gave to two nephews.

Among the extraordinary conditions imposed upon descendants, that of the Duke of Valmy, Marshal Kellerman and General of the French Republic, stands prominently in history. On the crest of a hill just outside the village of St. Menehould, in France, stands a monument to mark the spot where the heart of Kellerman, taken from his body after death, disappeared in dust in the soil of his beloved France. It was his will that his heart might rest among his old soldiers who had been slain in the battle of Valmy.

Matthew Robinson, Lord Rokeby, a prominent and peculiar Englishman of the last century, nephew of Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland, became famous for his long beard and his hatred for medical practitioners. In regard to the former, it is said that upon one occasion, when going to an election, he stopped at an inn, where the country people who had assembled for miles around took him for a Turk and nearly worried my Lord to death. His dislike of physicians was carried to such an extent that he left a codicil in his will disinheriting a favorite nephew if in his (Lord Rokeby's) last illness his sympathies should be so excited that he would call in a doctor to attend him.

The present Marquis of Queensbury, whose name as a patron of pugilism and pugilists is known wherever the so-called science of scarring God's image in humanity is practiced, comes by his sporting proclivities honorably. William Douglass, Duke of Queensbury, was an old sport of the last century, who rode his own race-horses and performed other acts that set England by the ears. It was he who originated matches against time. Before discussing his will, the famous match mentioned may be described. Queensbury made a wager with Count Taafe that he could put upon the road a four-wheeled machine which should travel nineteen miles in one hour. With the aid of a Mr. Wright, a designer, he had built a light carriage, to which, on the on the day of the race, he harnessed blooded horses, driven by trained grooms. Vast sums of money changed hands on the result, the Duke winning handily. In his will, though he was the king of the turf for half a century, he left various large sums to charities. He pensioned several opera singers, and gave $10,000 for widows and orphans of the British navy. This was so wholly unexpected in a man of his characteristics that it occasioned great talk for years afterward.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

FIFTEEN-MILE GUNS.

The Most Marvelous Thing Yet Attempted in Gunnery.

Some important experiments have been made at the Shoeburyness school of gunnery in high-angle firing. A London correspondent writes: Probably no step of recent years is likely to lead to greater results, for if the experiment should be repeated with the same success, it is undeniable that war ships will have to be as fully protected on their decks as they now are on their broadsides. The experiments were made with the 9-inch or 23-centimeter gun used as a howitzer. An elevation of 37 degrees was given and battering charges were used with Palliser shells. Out of four shots three fell within a space of 500 feet by 80 feet, representing the deck of a first-class iron-clad, and the range attained was 12 miles! Now, if it be really possible three times out of four, or for that matter once out of four times, to throw a 9-inch shell upon the deck of a ship in midchannel between Dover and Calais, another proof will have been given that in the tedious duel between gun and armor the gun has much the best of it. What is very important, too, is that the heavy charges and the high angle did not strain either gun or carriage in the least, and one of the officers present has said that he believed the gun would stand 45 degrees of elevation without injury, while with 42 degrees a range of 15 miles would be secured. Now, at 15 miles, a ship is "hull down," so it comes to this, that we can throw a 9-inch shell on to the deck of a ship before we can see it! Surely this is the most marvelous thing yet attempted in gunnery, which of later years has been so fruitful in surprises.—*A. & N. Register.*

—A countryman from Northern New York, after visiting the ice bridge at Niagara, declared it was the greatest swindle he had ever seen. Said he, "Me and my wife went down there, and twan't nothin' but an old ice jam, sech as we have all winter long in the creek down to hum. Jest a plain sheet o' scrap ice stretchin' acrost an' nothing more. It's a fraud; that's all it is."